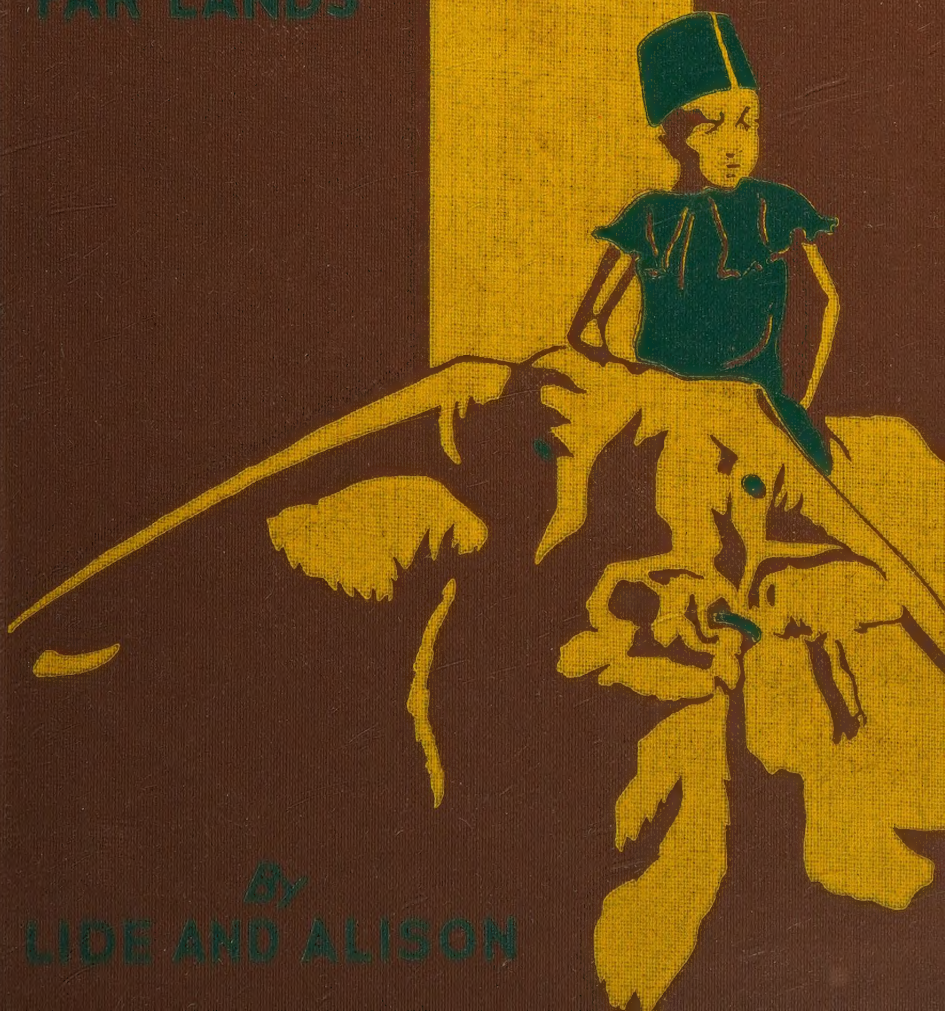


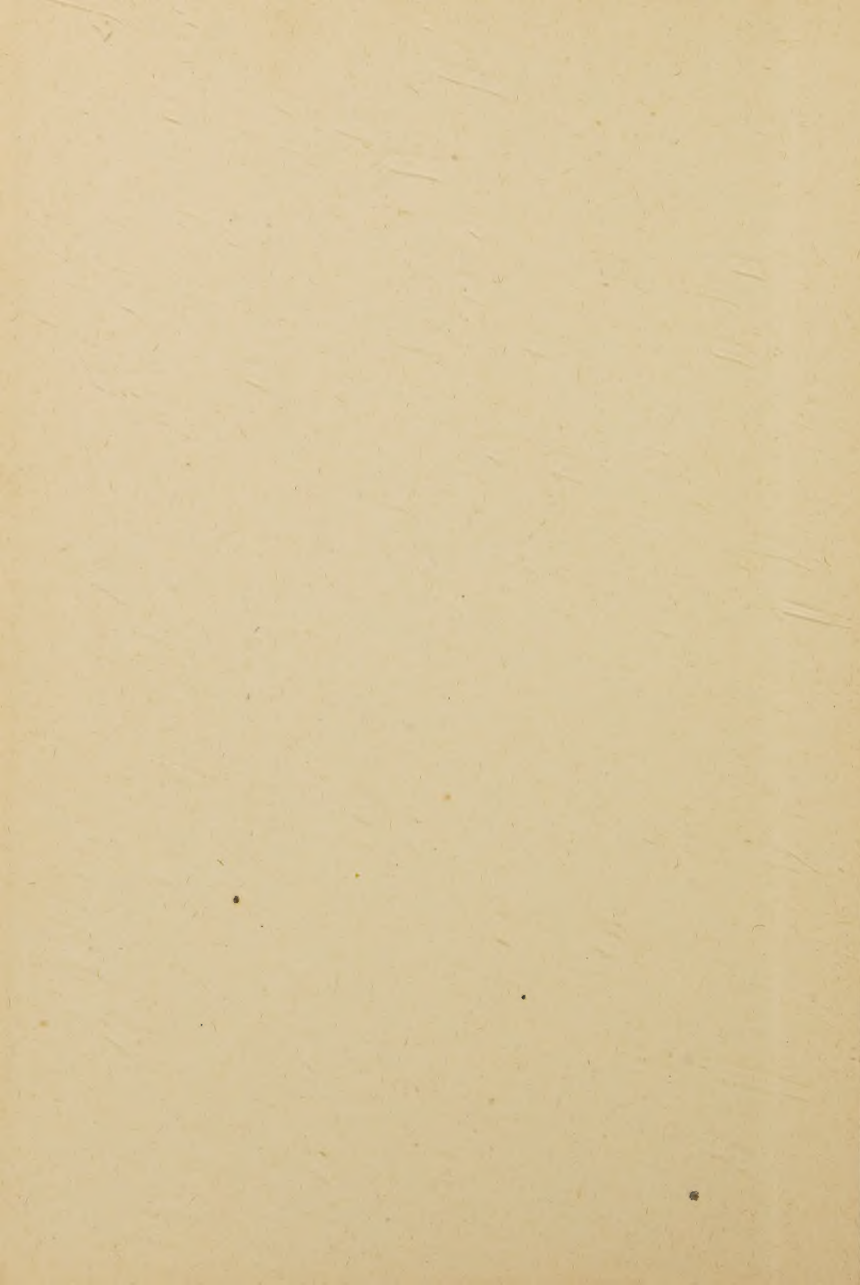
TAMIBALO

AND OTHER
STORIES OF
FAR LANDS



By

LIDE AND ALISON



Eckhardt





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THE LITTLE DUTCH CHILDREN

Kathryn B. Roller ©B. C. Co.

TAMBALO

And Other Stories of Far Lands

By

ALICE ALISON LIDE

and

ANNIE H. ALISON



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

Dedicated to
Kate Perrin Goodman

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ABOUT THESE STORIES

BEFORE you read this book, I wish to tell you something about how Tambalo and the other stories came to be written. Some of these little folks I knew myself. Of some, my uncle, who during his life has been a soldier and has lived in many foreign lands, told me. My interest in these little foreign cousins of ours like Tambalo, Chim Chu, Little Utvik, Peter, Katrinka, Johnny Chuckluk, the Van Neifs, O-kee-ta-wa, Yuma Kax, Chong, Bergetta and others—who after all are very much like yourself and other boys and girls—grew to such an extent that through years of study I have come to know and love the people of many lands. These little events in their daily lives, like herding the water buffalo or fishing with the cormorant, are as common to them as traveling in an automobile or fishing with a fish-pole and hook would be to you.

Each of the fascinating little foreign-life photographs illustrating the incidents in the stories was snapped in some far, far land. This is a real picture of the little boy, Tambalo of Ceylon, and

About These Stories

of Tambalo's special charge, Zat, the big water buffalo that led the herd; of Quee-Dee, the cormorant who developed into a fine hook-nosed fellow almost as big as his master, Chim Chu himself; of little Utvik, the Eskimo, and Agoonta, the father. There, too, is Peter, whose home was a boat that traveled the canals of Holland, and little Katrinka Voost, one of the best little knitters in the land, and the windmill, the wooden shoes and all that goes with the happy Dutch life. And so on and on, until at last we drop amidst the mud chimneys of an adobe pueblo of an Indian tribe in our own West. But *sh—keep quiet!* the little Indian children are playing hide and seek on the mud chimney and the roof top. Get right into the game yourself, and may you enjoy it.

ALICE ALISON LIDE

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TAMBALO

*and Other Stories
of Far Lands*



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TAMEALO AND PIDU AND THEIR SISTERS

TAMBALO AND BIG ZAT

A Story of Ceylon

How would you like to study your lessons from a wooden tablet full of carving, instead of out of a school book? That is the way Tambalo and Pidú, two little dark-skinned boys of Ceylon, and their two little sisters learn to read.

They do many other queer and interesting things besides that. They help their mother cut coconut shells into cups and spoons, and plait palm leaves into plates and dishes. When they get a little older, they will help their father carve the great trunk of a palm tree into every sort of useful thing, from a knife handle to a doorpost. And maybe, some day, they will hollow out a larger palm tree into a

Tambalo and Other Stories

long, slender canoe in which they can paddle in the Gulf of Manaar that sweeps one side of their island home.

One fine thing that Piddu and Tambalo do is to help herd the buffaloes. In Ceylon, folks plow their fields with buffaloes instead of horses and mules. The Ceylonese boys have the job of driving these great, long-horned animals to and from pasture. And the buffaloes usually love their little boy masters better than anybody else in the world.

Tambalo's special charge was Zat, the big bull buffalo that led the herd. The boy looked very tiny when he sat astride the huge animal's neck and guided him by merely a nudge of his bare toes, or by softly spoken words. Tambalo was a careful herdsman and always saw to it that his buffaloes were driven down for a daily



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ZAT, THE BIG BUFFALO THAT LED THE HERD

bath in the cool waters of a stream that flowed through their feeding ground. For the buffalo is a peculiar animal and must have his bath, if he is going to be contented.

One day a white man happened to come through the buffalo pasture. There are

Tambalo and Other Stories

not many white people in Ceylon, and this was the first of the pale-faced ones that had ever come to the out-of-the-way village where Tambalo and Pidul lived.

Buffaloes are quite used to brown folks, but they do not like white folks at all; they seem to hate pale faces. So, when this white man came into the pasture, the buffaloes began to get excited and angry. They threw up their heads and pawed the earth. Tambalo had never seen Zat in such a fury. The great animal horned up the sod in showers and lowered his massive head for a charge. In another minute he would have gored and trampled the white man to death.

Then Tambalo did a very brave thing. Scared as he was, he rushed up to the bellowing Zat, grabbed him by the nose ring and began to talk softly to him. The

brown boy's voice seemed to soothe the animal, and all of a sudden old Zat stopped bellowing. He meekly lifted his head and let the little master he loved guide him quietly away. All the other buffaloes stopped their bellowing to follow him, for old Zat was their leader.

And because of the courage of the little brown boy, Tambalo, the white stranger's life was saved.

WHAT NANG PO FOUND OUT

A Tale of China

Nang Po threaded one needle, threaded another needle, and then peered excitedly through the fantastic bamboo lattice work of the schoolhouse balcony.

"Oh, my!" she squealed, "oh, my! Look at the banners and the funny men on stilts! Must be a parade!"

Ling Wee paused in her needle-threading, too. "Hear the drums, the cymbals! Let's go!"

"Let's go!" echoed O Man, her fat little yellow butterball of a brother.

Only Li Loo kept on poking thread swiftly into round-eyed needles. "B-but we can't go," said Li Loo anxiously. "'Cause we promised to stay and help

teacher and everybody with the sewing. It—it has to be done,” she ended earnestly.

“Of course it has,” agreed the others, resolutely turning their backs on the alluring street sights. So back to work with a right good will went the little almond-eyed Chinese maidens and tiny American Betty, the missionary’s daughter, who had the happiness to go to school here, too.

Behind them, the long sewing room of the school buzzed like a beehive. “Snip! snip!” clicked the scissors, as many garments were cut out. And how the big girls chattered, as they sewed away on jackets and tiny trousers!

There had been a great flood in the valley of the Noango. Whole villages had been washed away. And there were so many children left homeless and in need. That was why the teachers and pupils of

Tambalo and Other Stories

the school were sewing so busily; they wanted to send off boxes of warm clothing to the flood sufferers.

Li Loo and her classmates were too small to sew nicely. Their seams, somehow, just *would* turn out puckery and crooked. So, in the end, because they did want to help, they volunteered to thread all the needles for all the workers. It was turning out to be a big job, too. The garments just seemed to eat up thread. But the little girls kept pluckily at their self-appointed task. All through the long afternoon they toiled, till their fingers almost got cramps and their slanting black eyes felt strained from looking at so many needle eyes. Even the plump, butter-colored O Man, who obligingly did errands back and forth, felt a great weariness in his sturdy little legs.



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THE ALMOND-EYED CHINESE MAIDENS
(With little American Betty. Can you find her?)

Tambalo and Other Stories

Then, at last, the teacher came out, her face all shining.

"They are finished," she cried, "finished! Every single jacket and pant-leg of them all! And we never could have done it, if you dear, dear children hadn't helped so much, too. Now, run along out to the jessamine vine and see what you'll find."

And there, beneath the arbor, the children found a tiny, low table spread with little cakes and candied rice balls and wee cups of orange-blossom tea.

After the dainties had been eaten, there was time for a romp in the dusk. As they frolicked through "leap frog" and "flower basket" and "skin the snake" and a host of other games dear to the hearts of little Chinese boys and girls, Nang Po suddenly paused.

“Why—why,” she exclaimed, “this is lots more fun than following that parade would have been! Is it because we did something for somebody else first, do you guess?”

“Do guess,” echoed plump O Man happily.

CHIM CHU AND THE TREASURE EGG

The Cormorant

Chim Chu wanted to earn some money. Oh, my, how much he did need it!

You see, his Cousin Wong had come home to the little seacoast village, from the big city of Nangcha, where he had been getting an education at the wonderful school taught by an American doctor. Besides many things out of books, the doctor man taught boys how to play that queer American game called "baseball," which stretches their legs and makes them grow sturdy and strapping. And they could join the Boy Scouts there, too.

The Chinese Scouts, just like their American brothers, had their hikes and

Chim Chu and the Treasure Egg



©Ewing Galloway

COUSIN WONG AND THE CHIMS

drills and camps, and best of all, they did not forget to do good deeds.

The more Chim Chu thought about it, the more he longed to go to that great school. But there wasn't any money to pay for the long journey from the village to Nangcha. For Chim Chu's father had so many children, it took all he could earn

Tambalo and Other Stories

to keep a roof over their heads and fill nine hungry mouths with rice.

Chim Chu could not have a little garden patch and raise vegetables for sale. For land is so precious in crowded old China, that Father Chim needed every crack and corner of the field for his own crops.

And Chim Chu could not join a pig club and raise a fat porker for sale, because pigs are so expensive to keep in China, that only rich folks can have them.

But one day, as Chim Chu was scrambling about among the great cliffs that overlook the shore, he found something that stirred his imagination to seeing all sorts of visions of school. To you and me, though, his find would have seemed nothing more than a big, oval egg with a thick coating of lime chalk.

It must have been a most valuable find,

Chim Chu and the Treasure Egg

however, for the Chinese boy took off his jacket and carefully wrapped the big egg up in it to carry it home safely.

Then he persuaded Mother Chim to let him put his egg under a plump, speckled hen who was brooding over a whole nestful of chicken eggs. When Speckle hatched, off she came with the queerest birdling in her flock of chickens. The stranger from the big egg was a downy, long-headed fellow with web feet. He was not a gosling nor a duckling, though, but something far different.

Chim Chu named his pet "Quee-dee," from the funny little chirruping sound he made as he waddled around behind his young master.

Quite early Chim Chu started his training of Quee-dee. Just as we train dogs to hunt, or horses to plow for us, so the

Tambalo and Other Stories

Chinese boy began training his bird to do something useful.

Every day Chu took the web-footed Quee-dee to a little pond not far away, and let him dive for fish. And whenever he caught a fish, the boy whistled loudly and pulled the bird back to shore by a long string tied to his leg. Soon the smart bird learned to bring in the fish when he heard his master whistle for it.

You see, the bird hatched from the big, chalky egg was a cormorant, one of those great, fishing birds of China. For hundreds of years the men along the Chinese shore have trained these birds, which sometimes grow to be three feet tall, to fish in the sea for them.

Of course Quee-dee did not get to be a three-footer in his first summer. However, under Chim Chu's kind care and petting,



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THE CORMORANTS, THE GREAT FISHING BIRDS OF CHINA

Tambalo and Other Stories



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THE LITTLE FISH WERE FOR HARD-WORKING
QUEE-DEE'S SUPPER

the young cormorant developed into a fine, hook-nosed fellow almost as big as Chim Chu himself.

Soon the boy began taking the cormorant out to sea in a boat. And now that real work had begun, he would slip a metal ring over the bird's neck, so that

Chim Chu and the Treasure Egg

Quee-dee would not "accidentally" swallow the fish.

Quee-dee was a wonderful diver. With a swoop and a swish, he would plunge beneath the waves and come up, always with a fish in his beak, which he bore back to his whistling master. By night there would be, in the bottom of the boat, a great pile of big fish that brought a fine price at the market, and another smaller pile of little fish for hard-working Quee-dee's supper.

Before the year was out, the fisher boy and his fisher bird had earned enough money to pay for the journey to the city school far away.

So you see it really was a treasure egg that Chim Chu found that day on the cliffs.



AGOONTA, THE FATHER

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LITTLE UTVIK, THE ESKIMO

An Eskimo Camping-Ground

Little Utvik, the Eskimo lad, was quite happy and excited. His family, along with all the other village families, were leaving their winter huts, built of stone and sod, to travel out to the spring camping-ground by the sea.

In Utvik's land, spring meant weather still bitter cold, and snow on the ground, and the shore waters still a mass of broken ice. But even if it was very cold and the winds did blow, the Eskimo boy thought it was lots of fun to be going on a journey.

Upon snowshoes he and Agoonta, his father, sped swiftly beside the walrus-hide sledge, drawn by six great dogs.

Tambalo and Other Stories

“*Huk! Huk!*” they shouted at the shaggy team.

Upon the sledge rode Me-tu, his mother, and Noonak, his little sister.

The Arctic day was almost at an end when the Eskimos reached the camping-grounds. Here all was bleak and bare, with no sign of a hut or shelter. However, these folks knew all about how to make themselves comfortable. They set right to work building a village. With their long knives the men cut out great blocks of snow. Using these in place of brick or stone, they soon built a whole row of little, round-topped houses, all gleaming white. Within these cozy snow huts the women tramped down the ground until it was hard, spread fur rugs over everything, and lighted the little stone lamps, filled with seal oil.



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THE ESKIMOS SET RIGHT TO WORK BUILDING A VILLAGE

Tambalo and Other Stories

Agoonta and Me-tu had worked hard and fast and they were both very tired when they had finished their snow hut. Then Agoonta made a sad discovery. He had lost his best spear. It must have bounced off the sled, back by an ice hillock where the trail was all ridged and rough. Weary as he was, the tall hunter started right out on the search; but Utvik called, "Wait, wait, I'll go!"

Away raced the boy, with Nuk, his dog, at his heels.

On and on he went, but the ice hillock seemed far away, and it was getting dark, too. Then he heard something "pad-a-padding" behind him. Could it, oh, could it be a wolf, or a white bear?

Utvik kept looking anxiously over his shoulder and he scampered along as fast as he could.

At last, quite close to the ice hillock, he found the ivory spear. Back toward home he started, brandishing the long weapon defiantly at the unseen thing that was trailing him.

Suddenly there came a thud in the snow and a little scream. Utvik ran forward excitedly and found — why, he found just his little sister, Noonak! She had slipped away from Mother and it was she who had come “pad-a-padding” down the trail behind him.

Utvik had to laugh to think how badly she had scared him. Then he lifted her up to ride on shaggy old Nuk, and soon he had the little lost girl and the big lost spear safely back at the beautiful camp of snow huts.

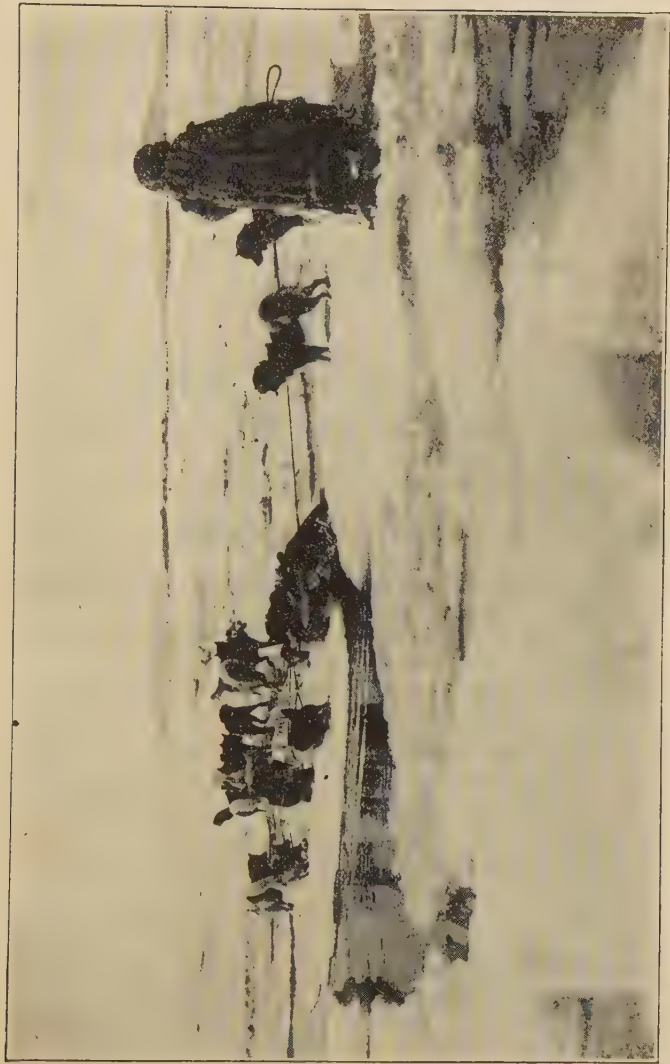
IOMAHDA AND THE IVORY

An Alaskan Trading Post

Iomahda and her little sister, Chitka, were Eskimo girls of that Arctic part of Alaska where the icy waters of Kotzebue Sound sweep against the shore line. Their home was in a village with the very funny name of Tasakaluka.

One autumn day there was great excitement there. Adahk, the hunter, and his dog sledge were back from a long journey to the south. There he had seen a ship of the white man and had traded his furs for knives and cloth and all sorts of things. These he had brought back with him, and to the Eskimos they seemed strange and wonderful.

Adahk had also brought the news that



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ADAHK, THE HUNTER, AND HIS DOGS

Tambalo and Other Stories

in the coming spring, the great ship would press further north, maybe almost up to Tasakaluka village itself. Then everybody could barter for the white man's goods; that is, everybody who had anything to barter.

At once the villagers began preparing for that spring trading. The men, armed with their flint-pointed arrows and with spears of bone, hunted valiantly for the shaggy white bear and the tough-hided walrus. The women and the children searched along the shore for those things which Adahk said the white men valued, walrus ivory and walrus teeth; and for the rare, long, pointed horn of the nar-whal.

The keen-eyed Iomahda was lucky. She found a creamy white tusk of some long-gone walrus, and also a pile of the little,

round, hollow bones such as the Eskimos cut into beads.

Poor little Chitka! In spite of many weary miles walked on her pudgy little legs, the only thing she could find was one little old piece of ivory that had turned green from lying half-buried in the earth for years, for centuries, maybe.

“Ya, ya, little one, it is no good,” the other searchers told her in kindly derision. “Might as well throw it away.”

But Chitka stuck it in her leather *pook-sak*. Even if it was not worth anything, she did not like to go home empty-handed.

When the winter snows and the winter darkness descended upon the Eskimo village, everybody kept exceedingly busy. By the light of their flickering, flaring, seal-oil lamps, the men set to making odd-shaped bowls, and to carving the white

Tambalo and Other Stories

ivory into crude ornaments and into knives with decorated handles. The women sewed the furs into clothing and shaped the walrus hide into *muckluks*, as the Eskimos call their waterproof boots.

Even Iomahda was industriously making something for the spring trading. With a sharp-edged flint, she filed away on the bits of bone, making them into beads. She patiently pieced together scraps of reindeer hide to make an Eskimo doll. Its seams were carefully sewed with sinew thread and a bone needle. Next Dolly was stuffed hard and tight with sand, and then the young seamstress proceeded to dress her in fur garments fashioned like those the Eskimos themselves wear.

Poor Chitka was too little to file beads, too little to handle a needle and thread.

Iomahda and the Ivory

It made her feel blue to think that she would have nothing at all to barter except the old, discolored bit of ivory.

To comfort her small sister, Iomahda used, once in a while, to take a flint point and carve something on the bit of green ivory. First, at one end, she outlined a little fish. Another time, it was *tookalakeeta*, the Arctic butterfly, that she scratched on it. Last of all, she did a picture of the way the Eskimos think the north wind looks. Because the north wind blows everything upside down, the little brown folks of the Arctic think he is a man made upside down with eyes and mouth set lengthwise in his face, and a nose turned up instead of down.

When the dark, six-months' winter was over, and spring and the sun came back, the ship of the white man came, too, right



CHITKA'S BIT OF GREEN IVORY AND IOMAHDA'S
CARVING ON IT BROUGHT THEM TREASURES

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up the coast and down into Kotzebue Sound, where the village of Tasakaluka lay.

It was like a great fair, with the Eskimos bartering their furs and walrus tusks for the steel knives and cloth and shining tin ware and many other strange things from the ship.

The thrifty Iomahda had a whole packet of wares to barter. And because she was a kindly soul, she let the small Chitka put the bit of green ivory into the packet, and told her they would share all the proceeds, half and half. And you may be sure this made little Eskimo Chitka happy; for she did so want some of the shining foreign "pretties."

Iomahda exchanged the doll for many needles, slim, fine bits of steel that went through a deerskin seam, oh, so easily!

Tambalo and Other Stories

The beads and the white ivory bought shiny metal plates and cups for her and little Chitka.

And the green ivory! It was most strange about that. The white man seemed to think it especially precious because of its curious color and because of Iomahda's drawings on it. So, for it, he gave each of the girls a dress of fine plaid cloth and a pretty velvet hat. To the Eskimo children, who had never known anything but underwear made of birdskins with the feathers on, and outer garments made of shaggy furs, these woven cloth dresses were very wonderful. They loved to touch and smooth them.

And just to think, it was that tiny bit of green ivory and Iomahda's queer carving on it that had brought them these treasures!

GING'S PICTURE LETTER

Fishing in the Arctic Circle

Eskimo Ging lived in a round-topped stone igloo or house with Glook-a-ta, his grandfather.

On this day Ging was all alone, for old Glook-a-ta had gone out on the frozen sea to bore a hole in the ice and try to catch some fish.

The whole morning Ging kept so busy that he did not have time to get lonesome. He made some new moss wicks for the stone lamp, and arrows for his whalebone bow; and he sewed up a piece of walrus hide into a ball, which he stuffed with sand.

After he had eaten his dinner of dried fish and seal meat, he began to grow

Tambalo and Other Stories

worried. His grandfather did not usually stay so long.

Right in the midst of his worrying, there came a scratching at the igloo door. Ging jumped up, trembling all over. It might be hungry wolves trying to get in! As he peeked out, a great shaggy creature leaped against the igloo wall. Then it barked and whined, and Ging knew it was Bik, his grandfather's hunting dog.

Ging gladly let Bik in and, as he petted him, he felt something hard tied to the dog's neck. It was a bit of walrus bone, and upon it were scratched pictures. Here was a man standing beside a big pile of fish, and here was a dog hitched to a sled coming toward him.

"A pretty lot of pictures," you and I might have said, and that would have been the end of it.

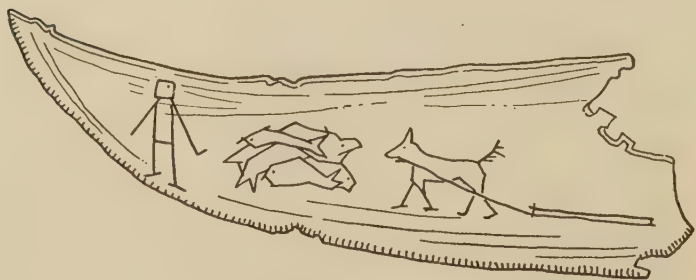


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GING BEGAN TO GROW WORRIED

Tambalo and Other Stories

But Ging had received things like this before. He knew that this piece of bone was really a picture-letter from his grandfather; so he sat down to study it out.



GING'S PICTURE LETTER

Suddenly, he gave a glad shout! Why, it was as plain as day what the picture-letter meant! His grandfather had caught a great many fish and wanted the sled in which to bring them home.

Ging got out the long, walrus-hide sled in a hurry, and hitched Kee and Yaw, the sled huskies, to it. With wise old Bik to

lead the way, they soon came to Grandfather Glook-a-ta. Sure enough, he had caught a whole sled-load of silvery fish and needed Ging to help get them home.

Old Glook-a-ta felt proud that his little Ging was able to read picture-writing.



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JOHNNY CHUCKLUK AND HIS MOTHER

JOHNNY CHUCKLUK

A Little Boy of Southern Alaska

Peggie Pearl lived in a white cottage with green trimmings. And not far down the street, Johnny Chuckluk lived in another green and white cottage just like it. Now this may seem strange. For Johnny Chuckluk was the cunningest round, brown Eskimo baby imaginable. He had jolly black slits for eyes and a wide little mouth that was always quirking up at the corners.

Just say "Eskimo," and most of us think of white bears and whale blubber and snow huts. However, little Eskimo Johnny Chuckluk lived in a house like yours or mine. For years ago, long before he was born, his folks had moved down from

Tambalo and Other Stories

the Arctic Circle into a more southern part of Alaska. There, where Cape Prince of Wales juts out into Behring Strait, they lived among white people and came to be like them in many ways.

There were some queer things in Johnny Chuckluk's home, things that fascinated Peggie Pearl when she went there to play with the Eskimo baby. On the wall hung a miniature *oomiak*, a tiny, perfectly made, toy boat, exactly like the open boats of skin in which Eskimo women paddle about. Nearby hung a little, flat, round drum made of skin stretched tightly over a ring of bone. With its funny long handle, it looked more like a frying pan than a drum. Mother Chuckluk had some curious cups carved out of musk-ox horns, and a necklace of walrus teeth.

And Johnny Chuckluk himself had a



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THE OOMIAK IN WHICH ESKIMO WOMEN PADDLE ABOUT

Tambalo and Other Stories

real Eskimo rattle, made of a hollow bone half filled with little pebbles. All these things the little brown folks had brought with them, when they traveled down from the land of the midnight sun.

One day a terrible thing happened. Peggie Pearl had come visiting, and while she was entertaining the brown baby on the floor, Mother Chuckluk went to a neighbor's for a minute. Suddenly Johnny Chuckluk, who had been happily thumping the floor with his hollow-bone rattle, began to give little choking cries. His face grew mottled and then almost black. He was choking to death.

Peggie Pearl grabbed him up in her arms and screamed. In a flash, she saw what had happened. His rattle had broken and he must have popped a pebble into his mouth and it had slipped down his

windpipe. Peggie Pearl screamed again. Then she realized that screaming would not do any good. If she was going to save Johnny Chuckluk's life, she must do something herself, and do it quickly.

She scrambled up into a chair and turned Johnny Chuckluk upside down. Holding tightly to his little brown heels, she began to shake him. Oh, my, how hard she did shake him! All of a sudden, out came that pebble! And Johnny Chuckluk could breathe again.

Mother Chuckluk was very thankful that Peggie Pearl had saved the brown baby's life. In fact, she was so thankful that she sent as a present to the white girl something that she had always wanted. Can you guess what? Why, the funny little round, flat, skin-and-bone drum with the handle like a frying pan.

O-KE-CHAN AND THE KINDER- GARTEN

A Japanese Mission School

O-Ke-Chan had curly hair. Think of that—a little daughter of Japan with curls! Oh, it was dreadful! For, you see, in Japan, everybody thinks that only straight hair is beautiful.

O-Ke-Chan wisely decided that if she could not be pretty, she would have to be smart. So she studied hard to learn the things taught by the native teacher who had been educated in America. Here many little poor children went to school free. The children were very happy here. They learned to play games and sing; they learned to read and draw and paint; to paste pictures and make clay apples



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THE JAPANESE MISSION SCHOOL

Tambalo and Other Stories

and to march. Sometimes they played queer American games that Miss Teacher taught, and on other days they read the beautiful tales of Japan. And, best of all, sometimes the class sat in a big circle about Miss Teacher and held its excited breath and scarcely blinked its black eyes, while she told stories—wonderful stories of the far land across the waters where she had gone to school.

There was one sad thing about the kindergarten, though—it was not big enough. When, in the “Game of Greeting,” Shimizu San bowed her head this way and that, “bump!” it was likely to hit Naro on the topknot. And when Naro in her turn bowed, she was most dangerously close to bumping right through the *shoji* (sliding paper door). The kindergarten was certainly jammed and packed, in its one

O-Ke-Chan and the Kindergarten

small room! And Miss Teacher did not have any money to make it bigger.

Then one day a strangely exciting thing happened. A Japanese gentleman, Mr. Yamisura, the tea merchant, who had often halted in passing to watch the pretty games of the children of the Kindergarten of the Star, paid a brief call at the small school room. He had come, he said, to see if he could hire the kindergarteners for an afternoon, to play the queer American games for his guests at an entertainment he was giving.

Play their games in public—on a platform! The children drooped their heads in embarrassment. The very thought made them feel timid and scared.

At first O-Ke-Chan was as timid as any of them. But beneath her curly mop of hair splendid thoughts began to awaken.

Tambalo and Other Stories

Why, if the kindergarteners went as entertainers, they could earn some money to make their dear schoolroom bigger; then more children could come.

"I'll go," she said, jumping to her feet. "Who'll go with me?"

"I!" and "I!" and "I!" the others began to answer, inspired by her confidence.

So the Kindergarten of the Star, with its teacher, went to the big house of Mr. Yamisura. And just after the monkeys in red jackets had performed, the fifteen cunning little Japanese girls from the school came forward to sing their songs and play their games. How pretty they were in their gay kimonos, as they swayed and bowed and sang in their little high voices!

Last and best, they sat in a circle, and O-Ke-Chan told the beautiful, wonderful

O-Ke-Chan and the Kindergarten

stories of far-away America, just as Miss Teacher always told them. Mr. Yamisura and his guests seemed to like this part of the entertainment best of all.

Then the little girls were ready to go home. And they felt very happy, for they had earned something to help enlarge their school.

PETER AND THE WINDMILL

Dutch Home Life

Tall Father Van der Groote and plump Vrouw Van der Groote and Mina and Nana, the Van der Groote twins, all lived in a funny house that was built right into the bottom of a windmill tower. A delightful little house it was, too, with a red-tiled floor and a blue-tiled stove and polished brass pans that gleamed on the walls. Just outside the window, the great arms of the windmill spun round and round in the breeze and nearly touched the ground as they whirled.

Because company was coming, Mina and Nana were quite busy. While good Vrouw Van der Groote baked cakes that smelled spicy and delicious, the two smart little



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MINA AND NANA LIVED IN A HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT
RIGHT INTO THE BOTTOM OF A WINDMILL TOWER

Dutch girls swept and dusted and scrubbed.

Oh, how they did work! They scrubbed and polished the whole house. They scoured the tiles and the brasses, and all of the family's wooden shoes. They even scrubbed Vetve, the pet gander that lived

Tambalo and Other Stories

by the mill. Vetje squawked when they got soap in his eyes and flapped so outrageously with his wings that this job took longest of all, and the twins just had time to scramble into their starched, stiff, striped aprons and their tall lace caps before the company arrived.

Their guest's name was Peter Vedder, and he was a little boy who had never lived in a house at all. His home was a boat, and he had traveled up and down most of the canals of Holland. But for all that Peter was "all dressed up" too, as you can see in the picture.

Peter knew lots about boats and anchors and oars and such, but not much about land things. Maybe that's why he had such a mix-up with the windmill.

It all happened after dinner, when they were sitting out on the grass eating gin-

Peter and the Windmill



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PETER VEDDER, WHOSE HOME WAS ON A BOAT

gerbread. The long arms of the mill turning lazily round and round seemed so fascinating to Peter, that the boy couldn't resist jumping up and swinging onto one for a bit of a ride. He never meant to go far. But at that moment, a stiff wind swept in from across the Zuider Zee, and

Tambalo and Other Stories

creakity-creak, the mill began to whirl rapidly.

“*Hai!* You’ll be killed!” screamed the twins. “Quick, quick, turn loose!”

But Peter was so scared, he forgot how to turn loose.

Already his heels were above the twins’ heads, and the great mill arms were whirling him higher, higher, when Mina leaped into the air and grabbed Peter by one ankle. Nana sprang up close behind her and grabbed the other ankle. And then “plump” they all dropped down to earth in the greatest tangle of arms and legs.

When Peter finally got his breath, he sat up and said, “I was so foolish! I thank you for pulling me down.”

“You’re very welcome,” said the twins politely. Then they all burst out laughing.

Peter and the Windmill

“How very funny you did look, hanging up there!” they giggled.

“Well, I’m not going to look funny that way, any more,” announced Peter.

“Oh me, oh my, we should hope not!” agreed the twins, trying not to laugh.



KATRINKA'S STAR

The Meteor

Katrinka Voost was one of the best little knitters in all Holland. Her long needles fairly twinkled as she "turned" a toe on a neat, gray stocking, which, with its mate, would bring, when finished, three quarter-guilders of Dutch money at Dame Poot's shop in Gleeker town, eight miles away.

But then, poor Katrinka had to knit so much, no wonder she could do it well. She and her mother, frail Vrouw Voost, lived in a little house stuck out amidst the barren sand dunes near the sea. It was a tumble-down dwelling, with only paper for window panes, and scarcely any furniture at all. Katrinka's home used to be

much better, with a blue porcelain stove in the corner and gleaming silver-bright pewter plates set on the wall rack and rolls of ribbon-tied linen in the big chest. But now that Mother Voost was sick so much and not able to work as she used to do, all their pretty things had been sold to buy medicine for her and food for the two of them.

Knit, knit, knit, clickety-clickety-click! Katrinka's needles were forever flying in and out the gray woolen yarn. She was always ready to learn a new stitch. She tried so hard to earn enough, so they would not have to go begging for their food.

There was not much else left in the house now, that was worth selling off; only Vrouw Voost's festival dress that had been handed down in the family for genera-

Tambalo and Other Stories

tions. Vrouw Voost's mother and her grandmother and her great-grandmother had all worn it. And Katrinka had thought that perhaps she, too, would wear it on festival occasions, when she was grown up. Very gorgeous it seemed to the little girl, with its trim, blue bodice, its full blue skirt embroidered to the knee, with its knitted mitts and lace cap and tucker of pure linen.

But, if they were to have enough to eat, and the medicines Vrouw Voost needed to make her well, then the festival dress must be sold, too. And the time had come. Tomorrow it would have to be taken to town and bartered for necessities.

So, on this night, Katrinka felt sad. The little girl slipped out of the house and went up to the top of the dyke to look at the stars. Somehow, the stars always



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KATRINKA WAS ALWAYS READY TO LEARN
A NEW STITCH

Tambalo and Other Stories

comforted her. They were so bright and twinkly and cheerful, up there in the heavens. Katrinka whispered the little wishing verse to them:

Star light, star bright,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Wish my wish come true tonight.

She never really expected to have any of her star wishes come true. It was just a little game she often played, making believe that she could get all the things she wanted, health for her mother, enough to eat, pretty clothes, a nice home!

“Oo-o-oh!” Katrinka ended her wishing with a little shriek. Something wonderful was happening up in the heavens. A great, gorgeous star with a flaring tail of fire shot across the sky. And it seemed to come straight through space towards

Katrinka herself. It roared downward and disappeared. Katrinka was almost sure she heard it thud against the earth. She ran down the shore, but in the night she could find nothing.

The next morning Katrinka was out early, searching again to see if she could find where the blazing star had fallen. Because this thing had occurred right after her star-wish, she had a queer feeling that maybe the star had brought a gift, after all. Folks sometimes laughingly talked of the "pot of gold" at the foot of the rainbow. Might there not be a pot of gold where a star fell?

She searched the sand barrens far and wide. At last she found—well, she found just a big lump of black stone lying in a great hollow of soft wet sand, as if it had landed on the earth with terrific force.

Tambalo and Other Stories

But there was no star gift, no pot of gold, nothing else at all. Only this ugly, black stone that had not been in the sand field before! Katrinka sat down by it and cried. She cried so hard that she did not see a tall man approaching.

“Um, what’s this?” said the man.

“It’s a fallen star, I think,” answered Katrinka, through her tears. “It wasn’t here yesterday. A blazing something fell out of the sky last night.”

And then, because the man looked kind, Katrinka found herself telling him all about the sick mother and the festival dress that would have to be sold, and all about her game of wishing for things by the stars. And how she had hoped that the stars had answered her wish.

“Um-m, well, well,” was all the man answered.

He took a sharp instrument from his knapsack and poked about the stone with it. Then he sat down and told Katrinka some strange things. The black stone, he said, was a piece of a star that had broken off and come whirling through space.

Katrinka did not understand all that the man told her about the meteor, as he called the stone. But she did understand this much—that it was a very rare and precious something, and that the museum at Bedder would pay a big price for it.

As Katrinka had been the first one to find the meteor, it was to her that the museum actually paid a whole thousand guilders, money enough to buy all the things for which she had longed. And the festival dress would not have to be sold now.

So it seemed, after all, that the stars had, in a way, answered her star-wish.

BERGETTA'S GEESE

The Canals of Holland

Bergetta Beekman lived up in Holland where there are canals running every way, and many, many bridges that have to be crossed if one goes anywhere at all.

It was Bergetta's duty to take her mother's geese and cross Hinkle Winkle, the gander, out every day to the green grass of the far pasture.

Very bad manners indeed had those Dutch geese! Bergetta was dreadfully ashamed of the way they lifted their wings and stuck out their heads and hissed loudly at everybody they met.

One morning as she was driving her charges across the third canal, which is



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BERGETTA AND THE GEESE

Tambalo and Other Stories

the last one before you get to the pasture, she spied a cunning little girl sitting upon the high, middle part of the bridge.

The naughty geese spied her, too.

“K-s-s-s! K-s-s-s!” they hissed and ran straight at her with their mouths wide open.

Oh, my! but the little stranger was scared! She screamed and fell right off the planking backwards into the shallow water beneath.

The geese haughtily stalked on their way, and began eating grass as calmly as if nothing in the world had happened. But Bergetta ran to the canal edge, lay flat on her stomach, and reached out both hands to help pull the little girl out of the water.

“O-o-oh!” chattered the stranger, as she stood dripping canal water all over

the grass, "I'll f-freeze to death b-before I can ever g-g-get home! O-o-oh! O-o-oh!"

"No, you won't," said Bergetta. "Run fast, and stamp your feet hard as you run."

"But please," she called after the little stranger, as she started to run away, "come back and talk to me."

After an hour or so the little girl came back in clean, dry clothes.

"I am so glad that I fell into the water, because now I know you," she said to Bergetta. "Do come and play with me at my house. And, oh, yes, my name's Marzana. What's yours?"

"Mine's Bergetta," answered the goose girl.

"Well, come soon," called back Marzana over her shoulder. "I've got a monkey that my sailor uncle brought me from

Tambalo and Other Stories

the Indies, and a funny doll from China. Can you come today?"

"Oh, my, yes!" shrieked the goose girl excitedly.

As Bergetta drove her charges home, this once she did not have the heart to scold them for their shockingly bad manners, because, you see, they had helped her find a new friend. And friends are lovely things to have.

THREE LITTLE VAN NEIFS

The Milk Cart

It was such fun to be triplets! Anyway, that was what the Van Neif triplets, Yoda and Hans and Jacobina, thought. There were always three of them just the same age, to play jolly games together, and to work together, too.

Papa Van Neif had a neat little farm outside of the thrifty little Dutch town of Groningen. He was a fine farmer, and he raised cabbages almost as big as Yoda, and pumpkins as big as Jacobina. And his cows gave milk enough to fill a brass can twice as big as Hans. Every day Papa Van Neif hitched up Drenky, his faithful dog, to the little red cart, set the shining brass can of milk aboard, and

Tambalo and Other Stories

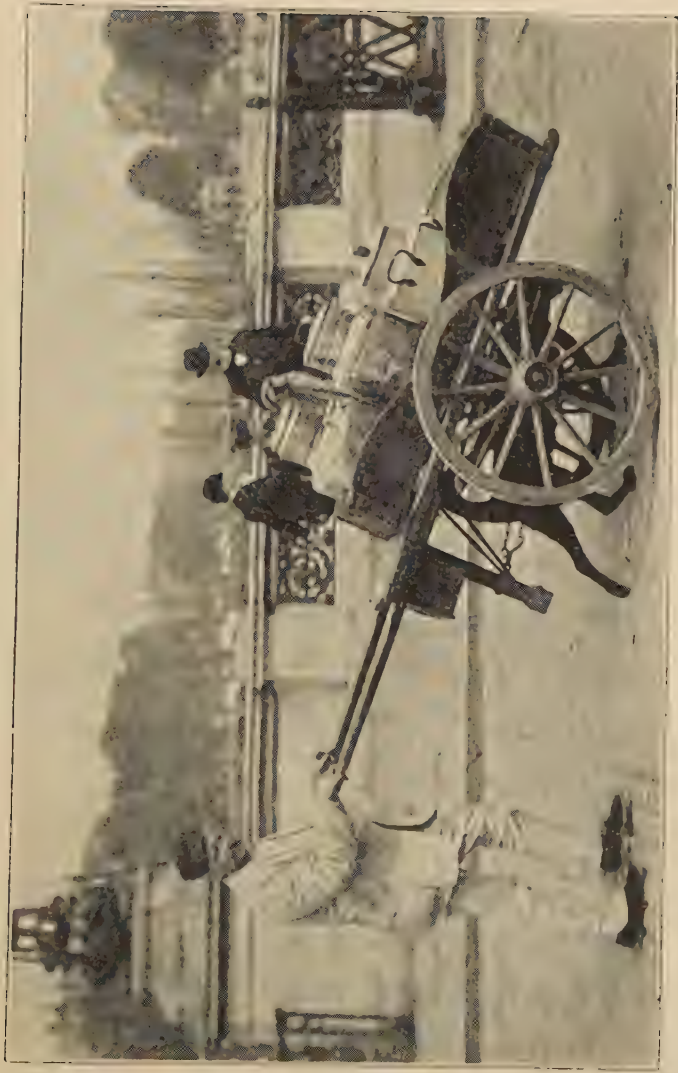
away they went, Drenky pulling and he pushing. The farmer sold his produce in town to the mothers with little children and babies. They were glad to get his fresh milk, so pure and wholesome.

But one day on the way home Papa Van Neif and his good dog, Drenky, got hurt by a runaway horse. They were both so injured that they had to rest for a day.

The morning after the accident, Vrouw Van Neif milked all of the cows. And to cheer up her husband, she said: "Don't worry. Not a thing shall be wasted. I'll make every bit of the milk into fine butter and curds and round cheeses."

But Papa Van Neif did worry. "Think of the babies!" he groaned. "They'll miss their good, fresh milk!"

"Oh, my, the babies!" exclaimed Vrouw Van Neif.



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PAPA VAN NEIF AND DRENKY, HIS FAITHFUL DOG

Tambalo and Other Stories

“Yes, yes, the poor hungry babies!” echoed the Van Neif triplets from their corner, where they were polishing the Van Neif pewter plates, the mugs and bowls.

For a long minute the children sat very still and thoughtful. Suddenly Hans whispered excitedly, “The cart’s not heavy and I’m strong. Don’t you think we could do it, if I pulled hard?”

“And if I pulled, too!” said Jacobina, nodding her head till her pretty little cap nearly bounced off.

“And if I pushed and pushed! Of course we could do it,” finished Yoda, setting aside the pewter.

The three of them ran to Mother Van Neif and told her of their plan. At first she said, “No. You are too little.” But the children pleaded hard and at last she agreed to let them try.

Three Little Van Neifs

So, with much huffing and puffing, Mother Van Neif lifted the big can of milk up to its place in the red cart. Hans and Jacobina slipped into the harness in front. Yoda pushed behind. And away they went, hauling the load to town.

It was hard work! The road seemed to stretch away forever. Glidden Hill, that wound up by the church, seemed steeper than ever before. But the sturdy little Van Neifs pulled and pushed and pushed and pulled, and finally they got their cartload of milk to town. Here they stopped at houses up and down the street. Yoda and Jacobina carefully measured the fresh, sweet milk into quart cups and pint cups, and Hans delivered these to the waiting housevrouws. So, after all, the babies of Groningen did not have to go hungry. And Papa Van Neif was happy, too!

BIANCHI AND LITTLE BROWN BEPPPO

The Mischievous Monkey

Bianchi, with her little brother, Paolo Nicolo, cuddled close, sat on the bottom step of their tall, shabby, tenement home, and gazed out across the sea.

Soon Bianchi, who was a capable young housekeeper of seven summers, must climb the six long flights of stairs to see if Teresa, their little sister, slept, and also to start mixing the stew of little onions and big peppers and oil and fish. Always the smart Bianchi had supper, well cooked and piping hot, waiting for Mother Giuseppe's return from work.

For a few moments the Italian girl lingered on to dream and to gaze across

Bianchi and Little Brown Beppo

the waters. Her home was on one of those narrow, old, cobble-stoned streets of New York that lead right down to New York harbor. From her doorstep she could watch the big ships come and go, ships from all the ports of the world.

On one of these great steamers, Bianchi herself had come from sunny Italy to America. That had been one, two, three, four, five whole years ago, long before Teresa, or even curly-headed Paolo had been born. And how funny were the clothes she and her parents had worn to America! Mother Giuseppa had been arrayed in a black bodice and many full-gathered skirts, with a great, fringed shawl over her head. Wee Bianchi had been dressed in bodice and shawl, too. And as for Papa Felipe! He had worn boots and mustachios and great, golden

Tambalo and Other Stories

hoops of earrings in his ears. Along with their bundles of clothing had come something else—their pet monkey, little brown Beppo.

And now, in the five years that had passed, Bianchi had grown big enough and smart enough to cook meals and to keep house. And little brown Beppo, the monkey, had grown rather old and gray-whiskered.

On this day a great Norwegian ship was steaming out with all bands playing. Bianchi, watching from her doorstone, leaped to her feet and lifted Paolo in her arms to catch the last glimpse of the thousand banners, red and white, that fluttered over the boat. It was beautiful, beautiful! But—what was that? Bianchi threw up her head and listened.

Screams, frightened screams, were



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LITTLE BROWN BEPPO

Tambalo and Other Stories

sounding through the house behind her.

It was Teresa, Baby Teresa! What had happened? Had she fallen? Was it fire? A terrified Bianchi raced up the many stairs, with an equally terrified Paolo at her heels.

As Bianchi flung wide their door, a strange sight greeted them. In her crib Baby Teresa was squealing with fright and huddling in its corner. While over the floor, bang, bang! clatter, clatter! a tall tin bucket, turned upside down, was galloping madly back and forth.

Caro mio! the thing seemed alive. Who ever heard of a bucket running? In her fright, Bianchi almost slammed the door tight between herself and the scampering bucket.

Then, quite as suddenly, she remembered poor, scared Teresa. She must res-

Bianchi and Little Brown Beppo

cue her! Bravely Bianchi dashed for the crib. Bangity-bang! Right behind her came the bucket. Out flew Bianchi's sturdy foot, giving the crazy thing a whack. Over it turned, and—what do you think hopped out?

Why, little brown Beppo, the monkey!

In a moment, Bianchi saw how it all had happened. The bucket was only the tin pail that always stood on the shelf with little cakes in it. And Beppo, greedy little wretch, must have reached in a paw, toppled the bucket over on himself, and then could not get from under it.

Now that it was all over, how Bianchi did laugh! She laughed so she could hardly fix the little onions and the big peppers for the stew. Wouldn't she have a funny tale to tell Mama Giuseppa and Papa Felipe when they came home to supper!

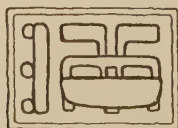
YUMA KAX

An Aztec Prince

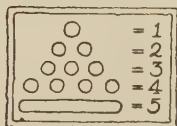
Once upon a time
Very, very long ago
There lived a little
Aztec prince in old, old Mexico.



Upon the high, high mountain
Of Popocatepetl
Lived Yuma Kax, His Highness.
Here's how his name he spelt.



To school went little Yuma Kax,
He went to study, you see,
But the arithmetic he learned there
Was queer as queer could be.



And when it rained little Yuma thought
An old woman up in the sky
Turned a great big water jar over,
And let the waters fly.





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O-KEE-TA-WA WITH HER FATHER AND LITTLE
BROTHER AT THE DOOR OF THEIR HOME

O-KEE-TA-WA, THE SHY ONE

An Indian Story

O-kee-ta-wa was round and brown and plump, with soft dark eyes and lots of black hair. On special occasions, she adorned her small person with great bracelets of hammered silver and two blue

earrings and a long, looped-up necklace of lava stones. You can see part of the necklace, as she stands with her father and little brother, in the door of their little home.

She lived out on our own far western plains, in a queer sort of house built of mud and rock, called a *pueblo*. It was three stories high and all the Indians of Eagle Village lived in this one building. There were many children in the pueblo. They had a great time chasing each other up and down the entrance ladders, and playing games on the big, flat, pueblo roof. O-kee-ta-wa could have had much fun with so many playmates, if only she had not been so dreadfully shy. As it was, though, whenever she saw Bright Moon or Georgie Spotted Fox, or any of the other little Indians coming for a romp,



©Ewing Galloway
ALL THE INDIANS LIVED IN THIS ONE BUILDING

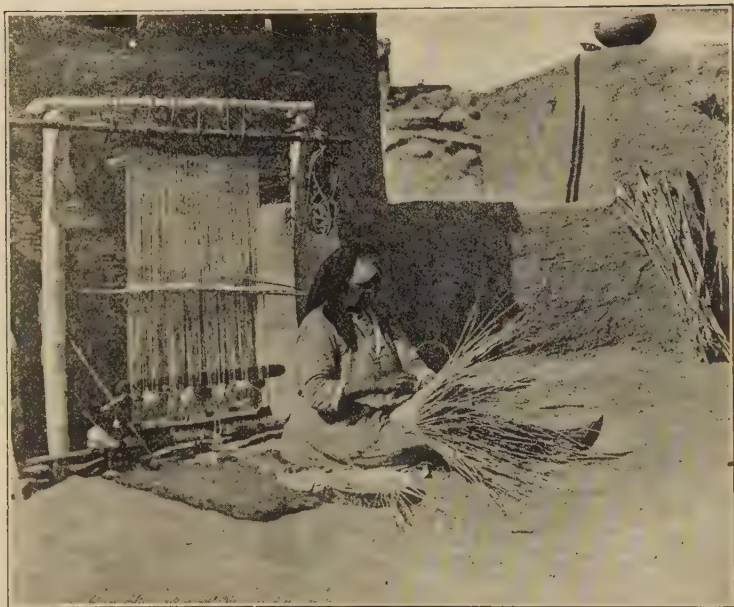
O-kee-ta-wa, the Shy One

the timid O-kee-ta-wa always ran and hid.

One day she went to the big, strange city of Roua Hala. It was a long, long journey across the sand plains. O-kee-ta-wa made the trip perched behind Whirling Thunder, her father, on his white burro. Her older sister, Junana, and old Keta, the basket woman, and many other Indians would travel in the party, too. They were all going to the "white man's city" to sell things, beautifully woven baskets, pottery and blankets, and fine jewelry made of lava stone. In the city, the Indian traders had good luck. By the time the sun reached the top of the sky, they had sold all their wares; that is, everybody except old Keta. The basket woman had been taken sick.

And so kind-hearted Junana decided to do what she could to sell the baskets for

Tambalo and Other Stories



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OLD KETA, THE BASKET WOMAN

her. The Indian girl had thought up a splendid scheme, if only her little sister would help her. However, when told what her work in selling the baskets would be, the timid child hung her head.

"Oh, I couldn't, Junana, I couldn't!" she wailed.



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THE BASKET WOMAN HAD BEEN TAKEN SICK

“Ya, silly little shy one,” chided Junana, “don’t forget that old Keta is always giving you grass-seed cakes and sweet piñon nuts. You could help her now, if you just would. Stop thinking of yourself all the time and think of somebody else, then you won’t be so timid.”

“I—I’ll try,” stammered O-kee-ta-wa.

Tambalo and Other Stories

And before she had a chance to change her mind, her tall sister picked her up and plumped her down into the biggest and handsomest basket.

You see, Junana wisely judged that so picturesque a maid as wee O-kee-ta-wa, perched in one of the varicolored baskets, would attract attention and bring customers.

The plan worked, too; for at once a slender, blonde lady stopped and bought the very basket O-kee-ta-wa was standing in. After she passed on, Junano lifted O-kee-ta-wa into another of the big baskets, and soon it was sold also. Folks just could not seem to resist the combined charm of Indian maid and Indian basket. By the time the round, red sun had dropped down to the horizon, all of old Keta's wares were sold.



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JUNANA PLUMPED O-KEE-TA-WA INTO THE BASKET

Tambalo and Other Stories

The best part was that O-kee-ta-wa had learned not to be shy. She had found out, sure enough, that one does not have any time left in which to be timid, if one just thinks of other folks instead of oneself.

After that, O-kee-ta-wa had as much fun as anybody, romping through queer Indian games around the mud chimneys of the big pueblo roof.

YUNI AND THE MOKSA

In Far-away Korea

Yuni was a cunning, little, black-eyed girl who lived in far-away Korea. Her home had smoothly plastered walls of mud, a straw-thatched roof, and a floor covered with thick, yellow paper. The doors and windows were of paper, too, so the roof projected over them for three feet or more to protect them from the rain.

Whenever Yuni was naughty or wanted to run away and see the big, wide world beyond the high-walled courtyard of her home, Arun, her nurse, would frighten her by saying:

“Have a care, or the *Moksa* will get you. And when she does, she will shut

Tambalo and Other Stories

you up in a big house with glass windows and make you work.”

Then Yuni would shiver and look over her shoulder in a fright. She was terribly afraid of this person called the *Moksa*, whom she had never seen.

But this day Yuni was lonesome. Her mother and Arun and Big Sister Kaundi had gone to the pool to wash the linen. Yuni was too young for this kind of work, so she was left behind. The little girl sat out in the sunshine sewing strips of cloth together. The strips were very narrow and were in all sorts of lovely, gay colors. When Yuni finished her task she would have a splendid pair of striped sleeves to wear with her best jacket. No little girl in Korea feels “all dressed up” unless she has on rainbow sleeves.

But Yuni got more and more lonesome.

It was very tiresome just to sit and sew by herself. And anyway the needle kept pricking her finger. Finally, she decided to open the courtyard gate a wee bit and peek out.

How fine and exciting it was on the street! Here came a string of sturdy ponies, laden with great sacks of barley. Further on was a coolie, singing gaily as he trotted along with his *jiky*, or carrying frame, strapped to his back, and piled high with household goods. Best of all was the Korean carriage that came swiftly into view. It was a funny, boxlike affair, with a four-posted canopy top, and it was borne by four men. Sitting inside was a lady arrayed in an embroidered robe and many jewels.

Before she stopped to think, Yuni slipped through the gate and went flying

Tambalo and Other Stories

down the street after the carriage. She did so want to get another glimpse of the beautiful lady behind the swaying curtains! On and on she ran, but never got very near; for the four runners went swiftly, and finally the carriage was lost to sight in the confusion of the market place. The little girl had never been to *chang-nai* (market) before and she found it very thrilling. Everywhere were straw-covered booths. Pigs squealed, cows lowed, chickens squawked, and men were shouting for people to come and buy their wares. Very tempting were the stands of barley cakes and rice balls and *kim-chi* (pickled cabbage).

But Yuni had no money to spend for any of these delightful things, so she wandered on past the market. At last, down a side street, she came upon the queerest

place she had ever seen. It was a house, but instead of being built of straw and mud, as were all the houses she knew anything about, it was built of wood. The door was open and Yuni slipped inside. Then she stopped short. Before her, rows and rows of little girls sat cross-legged on the floor. They all had books in their hands and they were all saying something out loud together.

Yuni stared about her. It was a great, light room; the windows were all of glass. And here came a tall woman with curious clothes and queer, yellow hair. *Ai!* dreadful! It must be the *Moksa*—and she was coming to catch her!

Yuni screamed aloud; then she darted out of the door and ran. Down the street she went, on and on; until at last she came to her own dear home. Through

Tambalo and Other Stories

the gate she ran and scuttled straight into her mother's arms.

When finally she caught her breath and stopped sobbing, she told her mother all about what a naughty girl she had been to run away and how she had been punished by having the *Moksa* nearly catch her.

"The *Moksa*!" said the mother in surprise. "Who is this *Moksa* that Arun has been telling you tales about and scaring you?"

"*Ya*," spoke up Arun, hanging her head a bit, "I meant no harm. It is the queer, pale-faced woman who lives in the house made of wood and who teaches strange things. Folks call her the white *Moksa* (teacher)."

"*Hai!*" exclaimed Yuni's mother. "Come to think of it, I have heard of this white



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THE HAPPY SCHOOL GIRLS OF KOREA

Tambalo and Other Stories

Moksa! But only good things have I heard. And now, little Yuni, if you will be good and promise never to run away again, tomorrow I will take you to visit the white teacher who lives in the big house. And perhaps she will let us taste some of the queer, delicious sweets folks say she gets from her own far-away land."

So the very next day an excited little girl, clinging to her mother's hand, paid a real visit to the *Moksa*. And this time it was a delightful visit. For the kind *Moksa* (an American woman who had come to Korea to teach), gave her cookies and candies and taught her how to play merry games with the happy school girls at the big school building.

WO NI TA

The Peking Language School

It certainly was a queer kind of school. All of the scholars were Americans, and all of them, except one, were grown men and women. These pupils were ranged in long, prim rows across a long, prim room, while upon a raised platform at one end, two courtly Chinese teachers presided over the assemblage.

This was the Peking Language School, and these were teachers who had come to China to teach in the Chinese schools, having their training in the Chinese language.

Mary Elizabeth wasn't a teacher, but she was the daughter of one, so she was having a course at the school, too.

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Mary Elizabeth spent many days sight-seeing in the vast, old city with its crooked, crowded streets, full of rickshaws and vendors and coolies who chanted musically as they trotted along under their burdens. One place especially, that she had visited, made her positively wild to learn some Chinese words. This was the little hospital across the block that faced on the Street of Towers. Here, sitting or lying in their cribs, were rows upon rows of little children. Some of the little patients had injured their legs or their feet or their fingers, and there were some with so many bandages that their little persons were scarcely visible.

They tried to smile and to reach thin little hands between the bars of the cribs to touch Mary Elizabeth's "so different" American dress. They were pathetically

pleased with the slightest little attention and Mary Elizabeth felt very sad because she could not say a single comforting word that could be understood. Then there were the little ones who were almost well and who were up and dressed.

So the next day, here she was at the School of Language, excited and eager over her first lesson in Chinese.

“*Wo ni ta*,” slowly declaimed the ceremonious Chinese head teacher. As he chanted the syllables, he pointed in turn to his own nose, to the noses of the pupils and to the nose of the assistant teacher. Over and over, this performance was repeated, the pupils’ part being simply to sit and listen, and train their ears to the unfamiliar sounds.

Almost before they knew it, the first lesson was over.

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THE LITTLE ONES WHO WERE ALMOST WELL AND WHO
WERE UP AND DRESSED

“*Wo ni ta, wo ni ta,*” softly sang Mary Elizabeth under her breath, as she went through the quaint, formal garden to her new home in the mission compound.

“Mother, Dad!” she cried excitedly, as she burst into the room. “May I go back

to the hospital this afternoon? I remember the cunningest little black-haired girl with slanty eyes and a poor little broken nose. And just think, I've already learned the Chinese for nose! I can say it, and she'll understand that I know what's the trouble and feel sorry for her.

"*Wo ni ta*—nose," said Mary Elizabeth proudly, and she pointed to her own adorable little turned-up nose and to Mother and to Dad. That was the way the teacher had done when he said, "*Wo ni ta*."

"*Wo ni ta*—nose?" said Dad, looking very blank. "*Wo ni ta*—nose?" Then he laughed and laughed.

Then, because Mary Elizabeth looked and felt quite indignant, he cuddled her up close on his knee and explained the joke.

"*Wo ni ta*" didn't mean nose at all. It

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neant "I, you, he." The teacher had neant to indicate this by pointing to himself, "I," to the pupils, "you," and to the assistant, "he." However, Chinese fashion, he had pointed directly to the nose, instead of, American fashion, making a gesture inclusive of the whole person.

Mary Elizabeth did get her afternoon's visit to the hospital, after all. Dad carefully drilled her in the Chinese words for "How are you?" So, when she walked through the long ward, she had something to say to every little patient, instead of just to the girlie with the injured nose.

Luckily, Mary Elizabeth didn't let her comical first mistake daunt her. The next day, and the next, and many other days, she was back at the School of Language, diligently trying to learn the queer sounding words and sentences.

At last came the exciting day when she had her first reading lesson in the most imposing "Mandarin Primer." By Christmas, she could do a bit of the perfectly fascinating character-writing. When spring rolled around again, Mary Elizabeth was thrilled to find that she could really tell some stories in Chinese.

Her little friends in the hospital ward were thrilled over this story-telling, too. But sometimes they had a breathless wait, right in the midst of a tale, while Mary Elizabeth dashed desperately through her Chinese-English dictionary on the trail of a lost word.

WHEN AH LOO THOUGHT QUICKLY

A Story of Little Chinese Folk

Ah Loo, the little Chinese girl, and her baby brother, Ah Sung, had lived always in a queer, floating city. This city was made of boats, hundreds of them, moored along the banks of the river Chung-zu, just where it flows into the sea. Upon each boat an archway of bent cane covered with a roof of closely woven matting formed a snug little cabin for a family to live in. Sometimes, in the latticed stern, hens clucked and cackled and scratched about a sheaf of rice straw.

There were plenty of children in the floating city, and all the toddlers wore bits of rope tied about the waist, so that if they fell overboard they could be quickly

When Ah Loo Thought Quickly



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THE QUEER FLOATING CITY

hooked up out of the water. I am sure that would seem queer to most of us.

The houseboat that was Ah Loo's home did not always stay tied up at the river bank. Sometimes Father Ah made trips up and downstream carrying passengers. And again, he anchored his boat out in the farming district and worked in the rice fields.

Ah Loo liked it out in the country amid

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the great stretches of young rice and the fields of striped sugar cane and the mingled green and gold of the orange groves.

Because she was a strong, happy, big-footed little girl, Ah Loo could work just as well as any boy. Sometimes she went ashore with her basket and her bamboo rake to scrape up leaves and twigs for fuel. Sometimes at farms, she helped at husking the rice. This was fun. She jumped up and down on one end of a long board so that the other end thumped into a great basin and pounded the husks off the rice.

When the houseboat was anchored near some city, Ah Loo helped Mother Ah sell fish and little packets of cooked rice neatly wrapped in green leaves.

Altogether, she led a busy, happy life.



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AH LOO HAD TO CARRY AH SUNG ON HER BACK

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At least, she was happy until the baby came. After that, life seemed dark and gloomy. For, you see, Ah Loo had to carry Ah Sung on her back. For months, everywhere Ah Loo went, baby had to go, too. Oh, my, how heavy he grew! Sometimes Ah Loo's back ached so, it wasn't any fun to play "fox and geese," or any of the other games. At times she almost wished she didn't have any little brother.

Then, one day, something happened. Ah Sung, who was crawling about the deck, fell into the water. Not overboard into the river, but into the big water jar that stands in the stern, fell Ah Sung. He was such a spry, sturdy baby, that he had gone, creeping, creeping up some rolls of matting and then, next thing, into the jar he had tumbled!

Ah Loo tugged and screamed, but she

When Ah Loo Thought Quickly

could not fish him out. He was too heavy. And right then Ah Loo knew how much she did love her baby brother. How dreadful it would be to lose him! Quick as a flash the little Chinese girl did a very clever thing. She grabbed an iron boat-hook and beat it against the side of the jar with all her might until she cracked a big hole in it and let all the water out. So Ah Sung was saved.

And never again after that did Ah Loo complain about having to carry around the cunning, plump little youngster. For when she realized how much she loved him, he did not seem a burden any more.

LITTLE ESKIMO A-TAQ AND THE MOON STORY

A Home in Greenland

Little Eskimo A-taq lived away up north in a very cold place, that great Arctic island called Greenland. Her mother was called *Ukua* (the sea), because she was born near the sea. Her father's name was *Nakivat* (the strong one), because he was strong enough to hunt the seal and the white bear and the shaggy musk ox. A-taq's own name meant "little white duck," because she was so little and fair for an Eskimo baby.

A-taq's home was a funny, round-topped stone hut. It was a small, cozy place, though, with plenty of fur rugs to sit upon and with a curious, flat stone lamp



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NAKIVAT WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO HUNT THE SEAL

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filled with seal oil to give light and heat.

This was the time of the "long day" in A-taq's land. Now the sun shone by day and by night for four whole months. This was a hard season on the Eskimos. For the bright sunlight on the white snow sometimes made people snow-blind, if they ventured too far from home and stayed out very long in the glare. And if folks didn't have plenty of food stored up in an ice cave to last them through the long day of many months, they would be in great danger of starving.

However, Nakivat, the Strong One, had wisely packed away many dried fish and much frozen meat for his family. So there was no danger of A-taq going hungry.

But, *ai-he!* How tired the little girl did get of sitting, sitting, sitting, all the long time within the stone hut. It was

Little Eskimo A-taq and the Moon Story

much too small a house for her to romp and play in. So she was forever asking her mother to tell her stories. And here's the story A-taq loved best of all.

"Once upon a time," began Ukua, "a man made a trip to the moon. This one's name was Shama, and he went on this journey in a strange way. He fell into a deep sleep and made a dream trip to the moon. In spirit, he sailed away through the air, across the land and the sea to the place where the earth and sky meet. Then he went up, up into the sky, right to where the moon is. And there he found—what do you think?"

"Oh—oh, I know!" cried A-taq, clapping her hands, "he found the house of the old man in the moon."

"Yes," went on Ukua, "he found the house where dwelt the old, old man of

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the moon. It was a big igloo, the biggest ever seen, all round and made of snow. On top of the igloo sat the moon's dog to watch and bark and let him know when strangers came. The old man of the moon sits always by a hole in his igloo floor, so he can look down on earth and see what the man-people are doing there. In the middle of the moon man's house is a lake, wide and deep and stretching so far that its edges are lost in the dark. From the lake, the old man turns on all the rain that falls on earth."

And that's the end of the moon story. And that's what little Eskimo A-taq believes about the rain and where it comes from.

LONG CHONG, SHORT CHONG

The Little "Looking-Glasses"

Wu Chong was a cunning little Chinese boy, as fat as butter and as yellow as a pumpkin. His clothes were quite marvelous. On dress-up occasions he always wore an embroidered blue jacket, mauve-colored trousers, and red slippers with cat faces embroidered on the toes. His mother said the little bewhiskered faces were to make him as sure-footed as the cat.

Chong's home was next door to that of an American family living in this Chinese city, and Mother Wu was fond of the American lady. So, just to be friendly with this neighbor, she used to send her little son over there once a week to polish

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spoons and silverware for the American lady.

At first, Chong being a wee bit lazy, he didn't like to do it, even if the lady always did give him sugar cookies.

Then one day he found out something that made the job seem like play. After he had polished a spoon, he would hold it up and look at it, then laugh till he nearly popped out of his blue jacket. The honorable lady from America heard him having such a good time in the kitchen, that she went back to find out what it was all about.

“Ho, ho, ho, I'm making little looking-glasses!” shouted Chong gleefully, as he held up a shining, polished spoon. “See! long Chong this way; short Chong that way!”

Sure enough, when he held up the spoon



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CHONG LAUGHED AS HE TOLD HIS PLAYMATES ABOUT
THE LITTLE "LOOKING GLASSES"

lengthwise and peered into its bowl, there was reflected such a funny Wu Chong, very thin and very mournful. When he turned the spoon sideways, there appeared a roly-poly Wu Chong with very fat cheeks and mouth and nose!

"Chong like to polish, him come twice

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a week all time now,” said the little boy, as he cheerfully rubbed up the last spoon and accepted as pay, a big round sugar cooky. “Little looking-glass, him lots of fun!”

And Chong laughed again as he told his playmates about the little looking-glasses and the fun he had holding them up to see “long Chong” and “short Chong.”

YANO AND THE DRAGON WAGON

The Fighting Gander

One by one, from the little thatch-roofed cottage in which she lived, Yano brought the big straw mats, and spread them along the roadside where the sunshine was the brightest.

Yano had on her everyday pants of indigo calico, for in China, girls wear pants and boys wear skirts, and her black hair was plaited in two little "pigtails" that bobbed up and down as she trotted along.

Mo-chin (Mother Beloved), the Honorable Father and Big Brother were at work in the rice fields harvesting rice. Yano was too small to help there. But later on, when harvest time came, she did help. The rice was brought in, and the baskets were

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emptied on the mats. Then Yano spread the grains evenly, so they would dry quickly in the hot sun, and could be stored away for winter food.

It was her task also to drive away the ducks and chickens that came with much quacking and cackling from old Li Chi's bullock pen across the road. With a long bamboo cane she put the hens to flight; but it was only with hard work that she kept off the waddling ducks, who, with much clap-clapping of yellow bills, just would make dashes for the rice mats and scoop up many a mouthful.

"Ho! Thou gray pest! Shoo!" shouted the exasperated Yano, as she landed a well-aimed whack on the thieving old drake's back that sent him and his family scurrying out on the road.

After an exciting race, the fleeing



Exotic Landscapes

THE MOTHER, FATHER AND BIG BROTHER WERE AT WORK IN THE RICE FIELD

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ducks, with Yano close behind them, were at last herded into their master's pasture.

But my—my! What was it now? The little girl, pausing to listen, recognized the honk-honk of neighbor Wang's flock of geese. Chickens and ducks were bad enough, but geese! Why, geese would eat up all the rice on a mat before she could get there! *Hai! Yai!* She must run for home as fast as her legs could carry her!

The geese had not yet reached the rice, but Yano's heart went pit-a-pat when she saw the big, brown gander, the terror of the village children, leading the flock.

With fear and trembling she brandished her cane and tried to drive them away; but the gander, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, was ready to do battle. Hissing and snapping, he ran at her, and caught hold of the calico trousers

Yano and the Dragon Wagon

and, with a vicious jerk, tore a great rent.

Kicking and yelling and knocking right and left with her cane, little Yano defended herself bravely, and was about to rout the gander, when, with much snorting and tooting, an evil-smelling monster stopped in the road. From the inside of this dragon-wagon a white man wearing pants like a woman jumped out. He was followed by a girl with a white face and fluffy, yellow curls, arrayed in skirts.

This was more than poor Yano could stand. With a screech of terror she dashed into the house.

It was the first automobile that had ever come to the Chinese village, and the American and his daughter were the first white people Yano had set eyes on; so you can hardly blame her for thinking the car a terrible dragon, like the one the Honor-

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able Grandmother told her lived under the mountain, and that these strange white ones were come to carry her off to some goblin place beneath the earth.

Ai! How scared little Yano was! The honorable rice on the mats was all forgotten.

Into the house and behind the shelter of a red screen she hustled. However, when she fearfully peeped out, to her surprise, she saw that the folks from the chug-chugging black dragon on wheels, instead of coming to hunt her, were helping her.

“Shoo-shoo-shoo, you!” yelled the man.

“Shoo-shoo, you!” echoed the little, strange, yellow-haired child, hopping nimbly about and helping drive off the old brown gander and his wives.

After such kindness, little Yano took

heart and came out—came out very shyly, to be sure, but she came.

And thus it was that Yano met the good American doctor and his little girl.

Many times after that the doctor's automobile came through the valley of the rice fields. Sometimes the little blonde girl brought Yano pretty pictures, or pieces of foreign candy, or a queer doll. And Yano, out of her small world, gave gifts in return—a clay rooster that she herself had molded, with a real feather set in for a tail, and a tiny, woven reed basket full of waxy candle berries gathered on the mountain side.

So, after all, the old fighting gander brought Yano some dear, dear friends.

“THE HONORABLE LITTLE GENTLEMEN”

A Story of Silk Worms

It was late on a bright moonlight night in August. Tu San, the small Japanese girl, was both sleepy and tired. Since early morning, she had been busy helping her mother and father carry in the baskets of mulberry leaves for the “honorable little gentlemen” to eat. Great trays, strewn with leaves and arranged in tiers, filled every crack and corner of the house. From the trays came a sound of ceaseless nibbling that made one think of a thousand pens scratching away on paper.

These nibblers were *O ko sama*, the honorable little gentlemen, as the Jap-



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MULBERRY LEAVES FOR THE "HONORABLE LITTLE GENTLEMEN"



Chinese Laundry

THE COCOONS, FROM WHICH MUCH PRECIOUS SILK WOULD BE MADE

“The Honorable Little Gentlemen”

anese call the silk worms, and the tiny creatures were hard at it, stuffing themselves with food before settling down to the task of spinning their tight little silken houses that we call cocoons. From the cocoons much precious silk would be made, so Tu San and her family worked diligently to give the little worm spinners all the leaf food they needed.

Once, as Tu San stumbled sleepily in with her great basket of leaves, she stubbed her toe painfully on the doorstep. She nearly—but not quite—gave an anguished squeal. There’s an old tradition in Japan, that any harsh or noisy sound made within hearing of the “honorable little gentlemen” will ruin the quality of the silk they produce. So Tu San bravely kept quiet when she hurt her foot. Was she not a plucky little girl?

WANG CHU AND THE ROBBER

An Exciting Night

Wang Chu was very tired. He had made many trips from the room where the eggs were stored in baskets on the floor, to the room where the big, earthenware incubator was installed. This curious jar, with its outside looking like a huge, willow basket, held over a thousand eggs. It had a close-fitting top and, in the lower part, an opening with a door. Into this opening a pan of live coals smothered with ashes could be placed. This produced the heat that kept the eggs warm and made them hatch.

As always, Wang Chu's father carefully counted the eggs from each basket and placed them in the jar. But this time

Father Wang was troubled. For, from every container, some of the eggs were missing. A thief surely was stealing the eggs. How he did so was a mystery. For, by day and night, Father and Mother Wang took turns at watching the incubator, as the charcoal pan had to be tended diligently or the eggs would be ruined. They kept a close watch on the egg room, too, but to no avail. The eggs continued to disappear.

Little Chu was troubled, too. For lately, to help out, he had been taking his turn at tending the fire under the incubator to let his parents snatch a little sleep. Right now his mother and father and little brother were getting ready for bed. The matting rolls were spread on the floor. A quilt and a little wooden block to be used as a pillow were placed for each,

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and in a few minutes the good people were slumbering.

To the small boy, the thought of his lone vigil and the mysterious thief, perhaps coming for more eggs, were quite alarming. Just to keep busy and fill his mind with work, he visited the incubator quite often. Now he stirred the coals with the iron poker to make more heat. Now he added a little ashes to cool the fire. And all the time, in spite of himself he listened, for what he knew not.

He had that thief on the brain!

In this district crops had been poor, food was scarce and high-priced, and much wicked thieving had been reported in both the village and the surrounding farms.

“Pad-a-pad!”

Wang Chu almost dropped the poker in



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WANG CHU AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER

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his fright, for thuds as of some one walking softly came to his ears. In his terror, he was about to awaken his father, when the "goof-goof" of their only pig reassured him. It was piggy, that was kept for safety in a small pen built right beside the dwelling. He must be rubbing his side against the wall.

A little ashamed of his timidity, Chu squatted on his mat to renew his vigil. In the dimly lighted room, shadows flitted like ghosts among the furnishings. Every time he stirred the incubator fire, Chu imagined he saw a goblin peeping at him from behind the jar.

An hour more passed, and nothing happened. His wearied parents were enjoying their much-needed rest. Chu himself, now much calmer, began to have a deal of trouble to keep his eyes open.

During his period of watching in the night, Chu never ventured into the egg room. Since the reports of robbers, he was afraid—terribly afraid—to go there alone, and his father did not bid him do so, for Chu was only a small boy. But now he would surely go to sleep if he didn't do something exciting.

Taking up his poker he stirred up the coals in the jar, then began to walk about. He neared the egg room, softly he opened the door and stepped in. Things looked just as usual. The eggs lay in their baskets on the floor, and no brawny burglar leaped out to grab him. He had conquered his fears and was turning to depart when a slight noise came to his ear. Turning quickly, to his horror, he saw the thief. Yes, and in the very act of stealing the eggs! His first impulse

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was to run for help. But that would not do, for the thief was already making ready to escape.

Gripping the handle of his poker, he sprang forward and brought it down, whack! on the head of a big, mottled snake that had swallowed so many eggs that he couldn't run fast.

"Blam, blim, blam!" thudded the poker, and at every jump Chu yelled louder and louder.

Of course the great racket awakened Father and Mother Wang. They came rushing out to find the snake dead and Wang Chu dancing for joy that he had caught the thief.

PO PO'S WONDER WATER

Drilling a Well in Soochan

Bim-bam! Creakity-creak! It was a fearsome sound that came from the other side of the great, gray wall that enclosed the compound of the strange white people.

Po Po, the little Chinese boy, paused to listen. He had heard queer tales of these "foreign devils," and on his daily trip to Lin Loo's market to deliver his basket of fresh vegetables, he passed their quarters quickly, fearing always that some of the "evil sect" would rush out and drag him through the big iron gate. And then, once inside, no telling what might happen!

Bim-bam! Creakity-creak! The sound continued, and Po Po's legs were getting wobbly as he neared the dreaded gateway.

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But, *ai-ee!* What could it mean? The iron portal was wide open and a crowd of laughing, chatting people were hurrying through it.

Curiosity overcame the little Chinese boy's fears and in the wake of a kind-faced priest of the yellow robe, Po Po followed the crowd.

On a plot of ground near one of the buildings was a pile of odd-looking machinery that, with much grinding and groaning, was forcing a big iron pipe into the hard ground. Just as Po po and the native priest arrived near the spot, from out of the pipe a stream of bright water shot skyward.

A great shout rent the air, as from the waiting throng burst forth the glad cry of "Water! Water!" The sound floated out over the gray-walled compound and was

echoed back from the fluted roofs of the nine-story pagoda that looked down on a city which for centuries had had no water save that which flowed through the filthy canals crisscrossing every portion of the ancient city.

“*Yah Shima!*” gasped Po Po, “this it is that makes the woeful creakity-creak,” and with awe-struck eyes he gazed at the wonderful machinery that had bored five hundred feet into the earth and set free this flood of living water. When a man in strange foreign clothes gave him a cup of the first pure water he had ever tasted, and talked kindly to him, Po Po lost all fear of these American people who lived on the other side of the wall.

You little American children, who have always had pure, clean water to drink, can hardly believe that in some parts of



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THERE WAS WATER FOR EVERYTHING EXCEPT
TO DRINK

China many people have never tasted pure drinking water.

In Soochan, where the scene of this little story is laid, the people use the water from the canal for every purpose. From stone steps leading down from back doors to the water, housewives wash the family rice and clothing, and the canal serves as a wastebasket and garbage can. In times of drought, the water becomes dreadfully filthy everywhere and often green from stagnation.

Just think of having to drink this vile stuff! The Chinese people had learned from past experience that death lurked in every drop—so they never drank it unless it was boiled and made into tea.

Now you see why it is, in this vast Empire of China, with its myriad of canals crisscrossing the country, that, from

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“babyhood to the grave,” tea is the universal drink.

Money for boring this well in the old city of Soochan, was sent by the good people of the United States—the first of its kind seen in that district.

PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING VOCABULARY

ai (ä'ē)—an exclamation

ai-ee (ā-ī-ē)—an exclamation

ai-he (ā-ī-hē)—an exclamation

Behring Strait (Bē'ring Strāt)—the narrow body of water which unites Behring Sea with the Arctic Ocean

big-footed (bĭg-fōōt'ed)—Chinese women with unbound feet are spoken of as "big-footed"

bodice (bōd'is)—a close fitting outer waist of a girl's or woman's dress

caro mio (cáro meé-o)—my dear

chang-nai (chärng-nä'ē) market

character-writing (kār'āk-tēr-rīt'ing) — expressing thought by symbols or pictures

Chung-zu (Chōōng-zōō)—a river in China

compound (kōm-pound') — an inclosure containing a house, outbuildings, etc., especially one occupied by foreigners in India, China, South Africa, East Indies

coolie (kōō'lī)—a carrier or porter in India, China, Japan, Korea

dyke (dik)—an embankment thrown up to prevent inundations

"foreign devils" (fōr'ĭn dēv''ls)—the Chinese people, not wanting people from other lands in their country sometimes call these outsiders "foreign devils," meaning "wicked people from other lands"

Groningen (Grō-nēēn-zhēn)

Gulf of Manaar (Gulf of Mā-nār')—a body of water between Ceylon and India

guilders (gĭl-dērz)—Dutch coins, 100-cent pieces

Huk! Huk! (Hŭk! Hŭk!)—meaning "go! go!"

huskies (hŭs'kĭz)—Eskimo dogs

Pronouncing Vocabulary

- igloo (ĩg'lōō)—the round-topped snow hut of the Eskimo
incubator (ĩn'kū-bā'tēr)—an apparatus to hatch chickens
jiky (jĩk'ě)—a frame for carrying bundles
Kotzebue Sound (Kōt'sē-bū Sound)—a large body of
water indenting the west coast of Alaska
kim-chi (kěm'chē)—pickled cabbage
lava (lā'vá)—fluid rock such as comes from a volcano
Mandarin primer (mǎn'dá-rĩn pĩm'ēr)—a Chinese book
of old, old stories
meteor (mē'tē-ōr)—a shooting star
Mo-chin (mō-chĩn)—mother beloved
moksa (mōk'sä)—teacher
muckluks (mũk-lũks)—sealskin boots worn by the Eski-
mos
mustachios (mũs-tä'shōz)—whiskers
myriad (mĩr'ĩ-ăd)—many
Nangcha (Nǎng'shä)—a city in China
narwhal (nār'hwäl)—an Arctic whale about 20 feet long.
The male narwhal has one long twisted pointed tusk
projecting forward from the upper jaw like a horn
Noango (Nō'ăn-gō)
nose ring (nōz ring)—a ring put in the nose by which
to lead the animal
o ko sama (ō kō sā'mā)—the “honorable little gentle-
men,” a nickname given the silk worms by the
Japanese
Ola (o'lă)—an exclamation
oomiak (ōō'mē-ăk)—a large, broad Eskimo boat for
women's use
orange blossom tea (ōr'ěnj blōs'ũm tē)—a tea flavored
with orange blossoms
pagoda (pā-gō'dă)—a towerlike building, usually a tem-
ple
pewter (pũ'tēr)—an alloy of tin hardened with copper,
much used for making domestic vessels

Pronouncing Vocabulary

- piñon nuts (pīn'yōn nuts)—the nutlike seed of the nut-
piñon tree or nut pine tree
pooksak (pōōk'sāk)—a leather bag
Popocatepetl (Pō-pō'kă-tă'pēt'l)—a mountain in Mexico
priest of the yellow robe—called so because many Chinese
priests wear yellow robes
pueblo (pway'blo)—an Indian settlement
rickashaws (rīk'i-shāz)—a two-wheeled carriage drawn
by a man
Roua Hala (Rōō'ă Hă'lă)
shoji (shō-jē)—a sliding paper door
Soochan (Sōō'chān)
Street of Towers—a Chinese street with many towers
Tasakaluka (Tă-să-kă'lŭ-kă')—name of an Eskimo vil-
lage
“the long day”—meaning the Arctic summer, when the
sun shines by day and by night for many weeks
tookalakeeta (took-ă'lă-kēē-tă')—the Arctic butterfly
tucker (tŭk'ēr)—a narrow piece of linen or lace worn
folded over the breast, or attached to the gown at the
neck
Ukua (Ū-kŭ'ă)
vrouw (frou)—a wife. Used before a name, *Vrouw*
means Mrs., as *Vrouw Voost*
ya (yă)—an exclamation
yah-shima (yăh-shī'mă)—an exclamation
Zuider Zee (Zī'dēr Zē')—a land-locked inlet, Netherlands

PROPER NAMES

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Adahk—Ā'dāhk | Bergetta—Běr-yět'tă |
| Agoonta—Ā'gōōn-tă | Bianchi—By-ăn'kē |
| Ah-loo—Āh-lōō | Bik—Bīk |
| Ah-sung—Ah'sōōng | Chim-Chu—Chīm-Chū |
| Arun—Ā'rŭn | Chitka—Chīt'kă |
| A-taq—Ā'tăk | Chong Woo—Chārng' Wōō |
| Bedder—Běd-dēr | Drenky—Drēn'kē |
| Beppo—Běp'pō | Felipe—Fă-lē'pē |

Pronouncing Vocabulary

Ging—Gĩng	O-Ke-Chan—ō'Kē-Chăn
Giuseppa—Jōō'sěp-pä	O-kee-ta-wa—ō-kee-tä'wä
Glook-a-ta—Glōok'ä-tä	O Man—O Măn
Li Chi—Lē Chē	Paolo Nicolo—
Iomahda—ī-ō-mäh'dä	Pä'ó-ló Něk'kó-ló
Jacobina—Zhă'kó-bē'nä	Pidu—Pē-dōō
Johnnie Chuckluk—	Po-po—Pō-pō'
Chück-lūk	Quee-dee—Kwē-dē
Junana—Wū-nä'nä	Shama—Shā-mă
Katrinka—Kăt-rĩn'kă	Shimizu San—
Kaundi—Kaun'dē	Shĩm'ĩ-zu Săn
Kee and Yaw—	Tambalo—Tăm-bă'ló
Kēē and Yăw	Teresa—Tēr-ē'sä
Keta—Kē-tă	Utvik—ōōt'vĩk
Li Loo—Lē Lōō	Van der Groote—
Lin Loo—Lēn Lōō	Văn dēr Grōō'tă
Ling Wee—Lĩng Wēē	Van Neif—Văn Něj'
Marzana—Măr-zăn'ă	Vetve—Vět-vē
Me-tu—Mē'tū	Wang Chu—Wăng Chū
Nakivat—Nă'kĩ-văt	Yamisura—Yă'mĩ-sōō'ră
Nang Po—Năng'Pō	Yano—Yă-nō
Naro—Nă'rō	Yoda—Yō-dă
Noonak—Nōō'năk	Yuni—Yū-nĩ
Nuk—Nūk	Zat—Zăt



